

25  
The  
POOR SOLDIER,

A  
COMIC OPERA,

as performed with Universal Applause,

at the

(THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN;)

Selected and Composed

BY

WILLIAM SHIELD,

Author of the *Blitch of Bacon*, *Rosina*, *Scize of Gibraltar*, *Lord Mayors Day*, &c. &c.

Price 6<sup>s</sup>.

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*The Poor Soldier;  
Table of the Songs &c.*

	<i>Page</i>
Overture. _____	1.
Sleep on. _____	6.
Dear Kathleen. _____	7.
Since love is the pain. _____	8.
The Meadows look cheerful. _____	10.
✓ How happy the Soldier who lives on his Pay. _____	11.
The wealthy Fool. _____	12.
A Rose-tree full in bearing (Duet.) _____	14.
Dermot's welcome as the May. _____	16.
Tho' late I was plump, round and jolly _____	17.
Farewell ye Groves _____	18.
The Spring with smiling face is seen _____	19.
Tho' Leixlip is proud _____	20.
You know I'm your Priest _____	22.
Dear Sir this brown jug. _____	24.
You the point carry. _____	25.
What true felicity (Finale.) _____	28.
The Laurel and Bayes. (Chorus.) _____	30.

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# OVERTURE TO THE POOR SOLDIER

1

for the

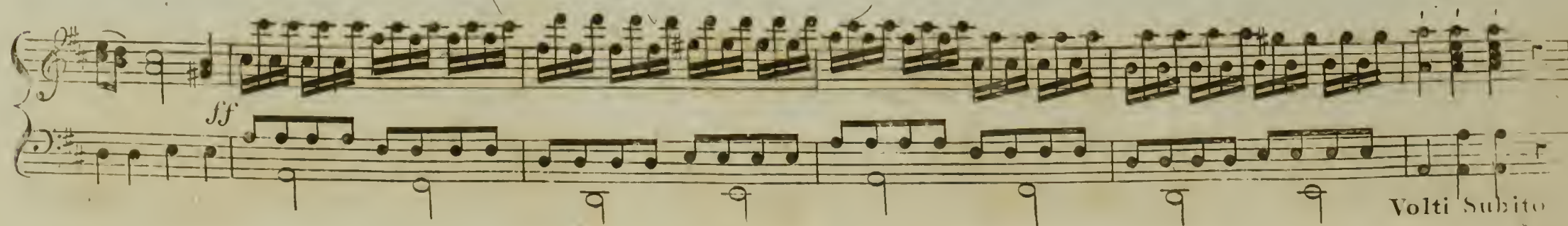
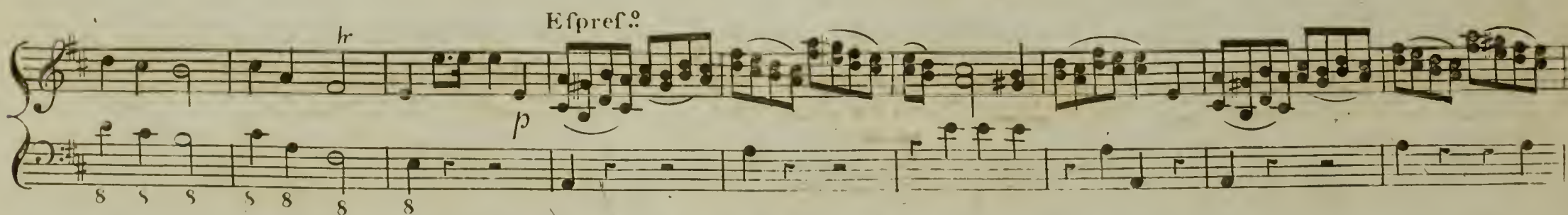
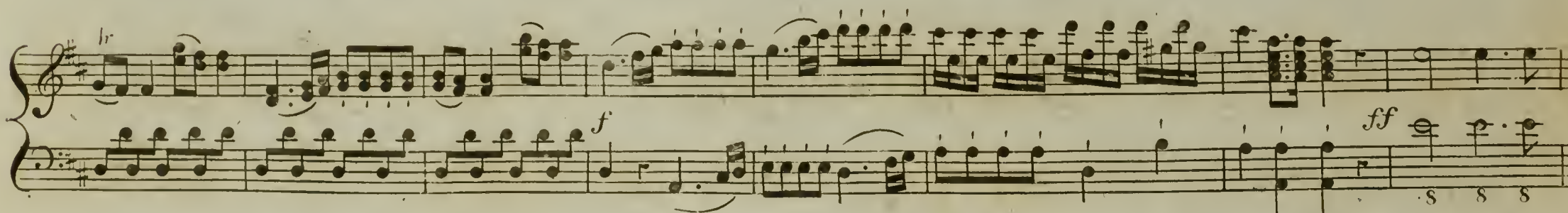
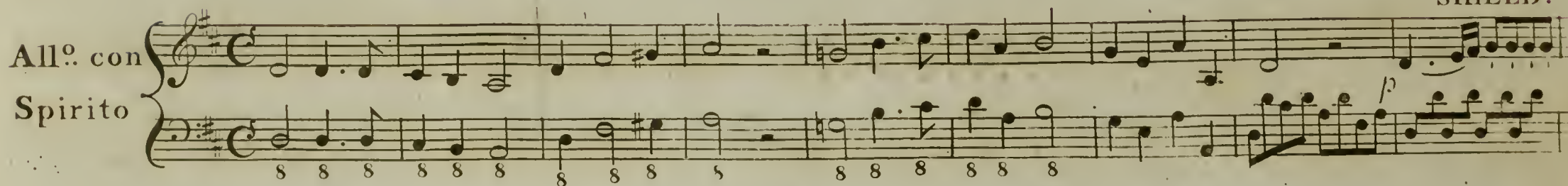
HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE.

Pr: 1<sup>o</sup>

All<sup>o</sup>. con

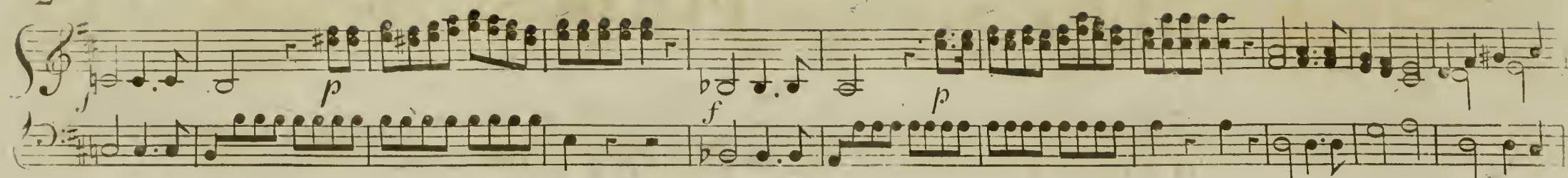
Spirito

SHIELD.

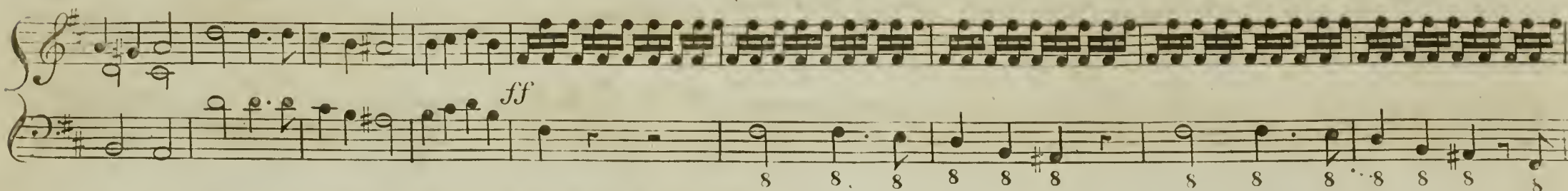


Volti Subito

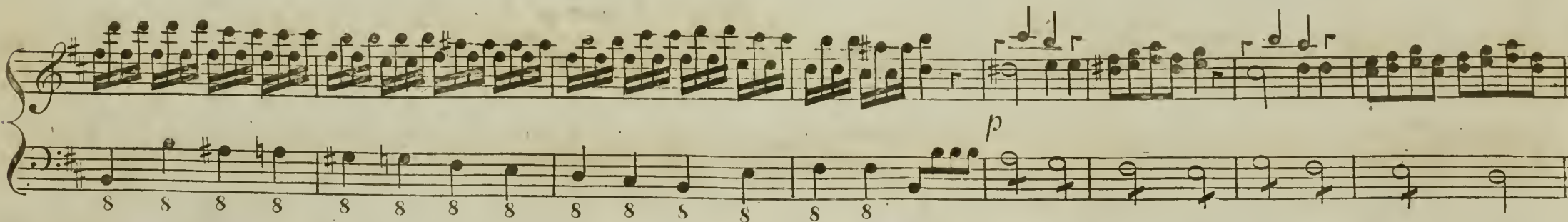




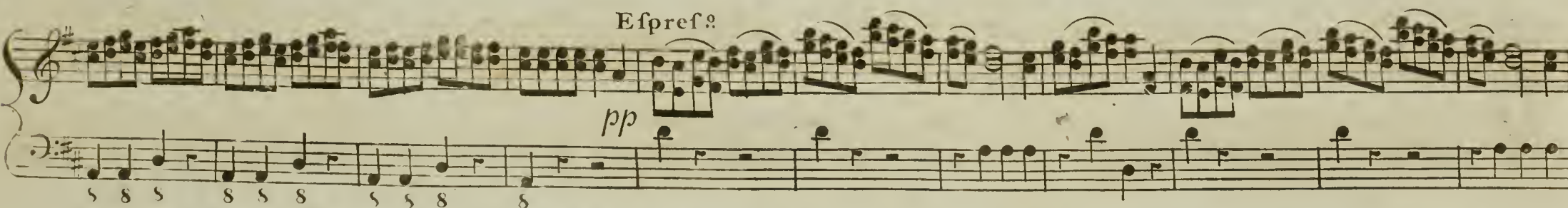
First system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



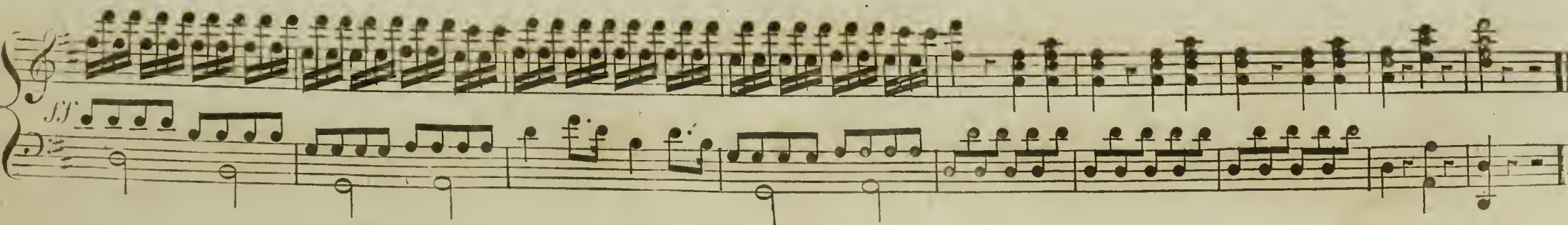
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with a *ff* dynamic marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with a *p* dynamic marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with a *pp* dynamic marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with a *ff* dynamic marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



Allegro

Handwritten musical score for piano and flute. The score is written on six systems of staves. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The second system also consists of two staves. The third system consists of two staves. The fourth system consists of two staves, with the word 'Flauto solo' written above the treble staff. The fifth system consists of two staves. The sixth system consists of two staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature remains one sharp throughout. The time signature is 6/8. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Flauto solo

Ada.<sup>o</sup>  
Volti Subito



4 Allegro

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, marked with a forte *f* dynamic at measure 2 and a piano *p* dynamic at measure 4. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The melodic line continues with a forte *f* dynamic at measure 6. The accompaniment remains consistent with eighth-note patterns.

Minore

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The key signature changes to D minor, indicated by the word "Minore" and the addition of a flat to the F-sharp. The upper staff has a *ff* dynamic at measure 10. The lower staff is labeled "Bassoon *p*" at measure 9 and "sf" at measure 12. The word "Obde" is written at the end of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The melodic line in the upper staff is marked with *lr* (lento ritardando) at measures 13, 14, and 16. The accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The melodic line in the upper staff is marked with *lr* at measures 17, 18, 19, and 20. The accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns.



Majore

5

First system of musical notation. The upper staff contains a melodic line with a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff is labeled "Oboes" and features a melodic line with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lower staff is labeled "Bassoons" and provides harmonic support.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lower staff provides harmonic support.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff is labeled "Horns" and features a melodic line with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lower staff provides harmonic support.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The lower staff provides harmonic support.



Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

## SERENADE con Sordini.

## DERMOT.

Affettuoso

Sleep on sleep on my Kath-lean dear may

*p*

peace possesse thy breast

yet dost thou dream thy Der - mot's here de-priv'd of peace and rest

the birds sing sweet the morning breaks those joys are none are none to me tho' sleep is fled poor

Dermot wakes to none but love and thee.

none but love and thee.

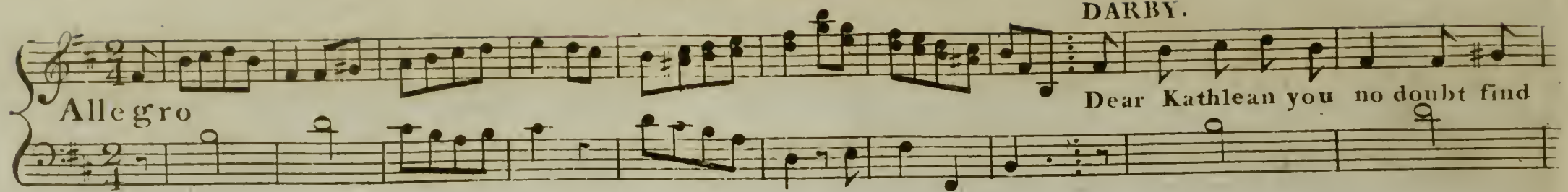
*mez. f*



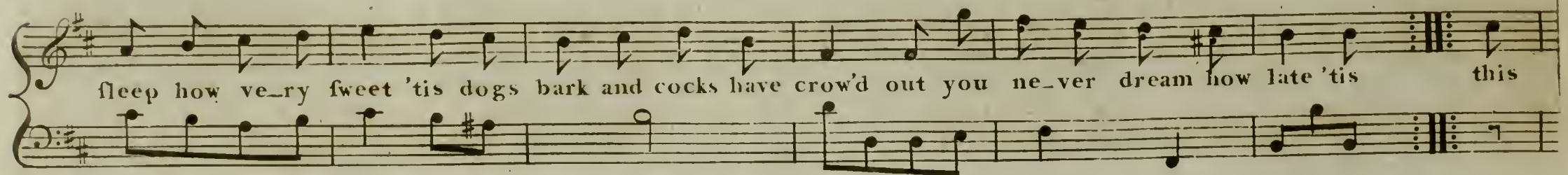
Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Edwin.

DARBY.

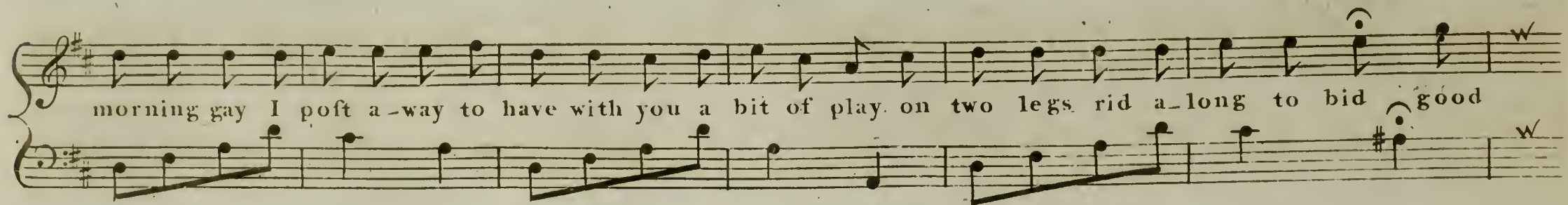
Allegro



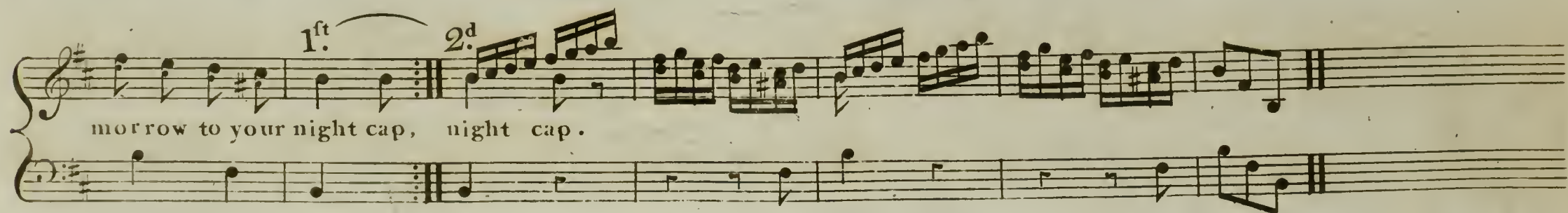
Dear Kathlean you no doubt find



sleep how ve-ry sweet 'tis dogs bark and cocks have crow'd out you ne-ver dream how late 'tis this



morning gay I post a-way to have with you a bit of play on two legs rid a-long to bid good



morrow to your night cap, night cap.

2

Last night a little browfy,  
With Whisky, Ale, and Cyder;  
I ask'd young Betty Bloufy,  
To let me sit beside her:

Her anger rose, and four as floes,  
The little Gypsy cock'd her nose;  
Yet here I've rid, along to bid,  
Good-morrow to your night cap.



Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Martyr.

KATHLEAN

Allegretto

Since love is the plan I'll love if I can but first let me tell you what

fort of a man

in address how compleat and in dress spruce and neat but no matter his

Pizz:

height so it's o-ver five feet in chat brisk and witty his eyes I'll think pretty if sparkling with pleasure when e-ver we

Bassoons

Pizz: tutti

meet if sparkling with pleasure when e-ver we meet in chat brisk and witty his eyes I'll think pretty if sparkling with

Col arco

pleasure when e-ver we meet.

Tho' gentle he be,  
His man he should see,  
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me  
In a song bear a bob,  
In a glass a hob nob,  
Yet drink of his reason, his noddle ne'er rob  
This is my fancy.  
If such a man can see,  
In his, if he's mine, until then, I am free.



**Allegro** Oboes and Bassoons to imitate the Bagpipe

**KATH:** Out of my sight or I'll box your ears I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers I'll cock my cap at a smart young man an -

**DAR:**

**KATH:** -other I'll wed this night if I can in courtship funny once sweet as honey you drone no Kate I'm your humble bee go

**DAR:**

**KATH:**

**DAR:**

**KATH:**

**BOTH** dance your dogs with your fiddle de dee for a sprightly Jigg is the tune for me go dance y<sup>r</sup> dogs with your fiddle de dee for

**Sy.** sprightly Jigg is the tune for me.

**Kath:** Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me seems love,  
**Dar:** The fragrant rose does a nettle prove;  
**Kath:** Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose,  
**Dar:** And, with a flower, I sting my nose.  
 In courtship &c:



Sung by Mrs. Bannister.

Allegretto

NORAH

The

Sy. Small Flute

meadows look chearful the Birds sweetly Sing fo gay-ly they carrol the praises of spring

tho Na-ture re-joi-ces poor No-rah shall mourn un-till her dear Pa-trick a-gain shall return tho'

1<sup>st</sup>

2<sup>d</sup>

sy

-gain shall return.

Ye Lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,  
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms,  
 Tho Sattins and ribbons and laces are fine  
 They hide not a Heart with such feeling as mine.

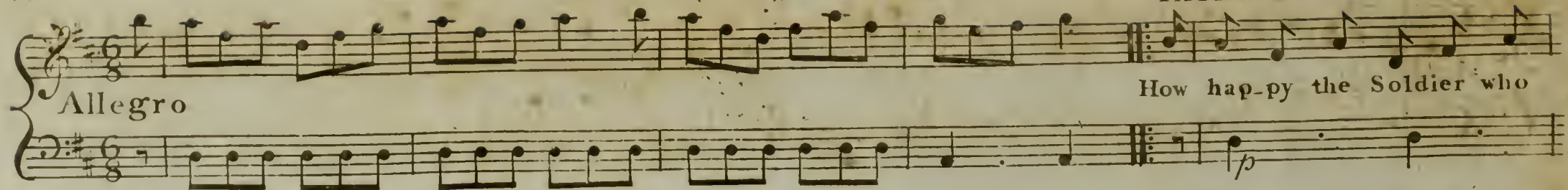


Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Kennedy.

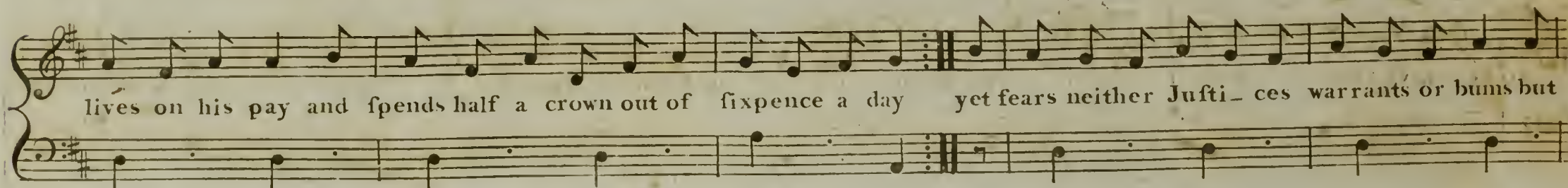
11

PATRICK.

Allegro

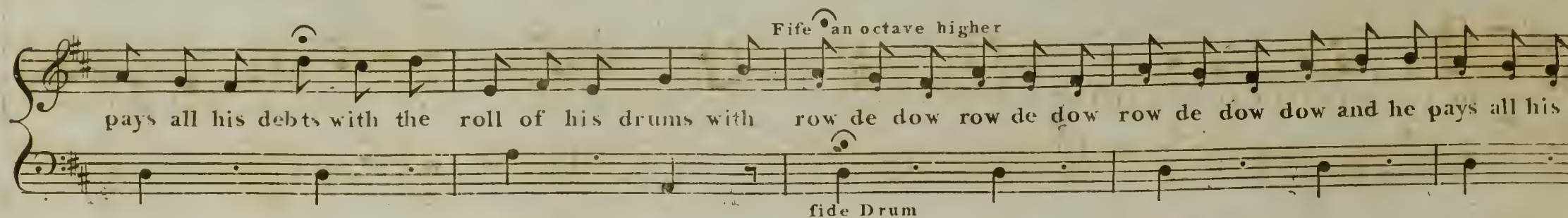


How hap-py the Soldier who



lives on his pay and spends half a crown out of sixpence a day yet fears neither Justi-ces warrants or bums but

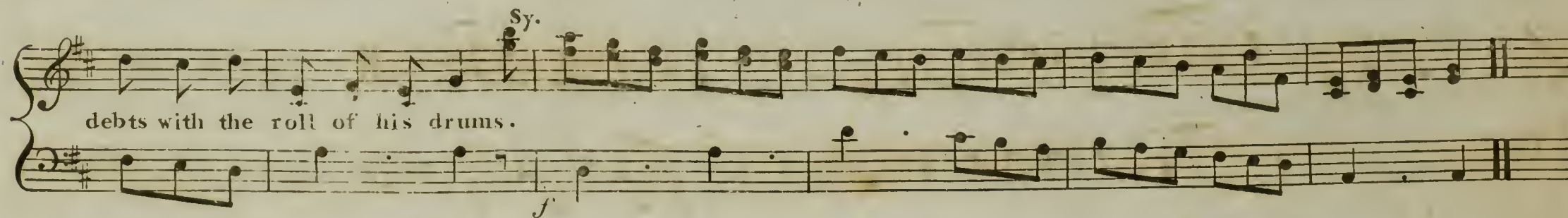
Fife an octave higher



pays all his debts with the roll of his drums with row de dow row de dow row de dow dow and he pays all his

fide Drum

Sy.



debts with the roll of his drums.

2

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
His King finds him quarters, and money, and clothes;  
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,  
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.

With a row de dow, &c:

3

The drum is his glory, his Joy, and delight,  
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;  
No girl when she hears it, tho ever so glum,  
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.

With a row de dow, &c:



Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Kennedy.

PAT:

Moderato

The wealthy fool with gold in store will still desire to grow

richer give me but these I ask no more my charming girl my friend and pitcher *Sy.* my friend so rare my

girl so fair with such what mortal can be richer give me but these a fig for care with my sweet girl my

friend and pitcher.

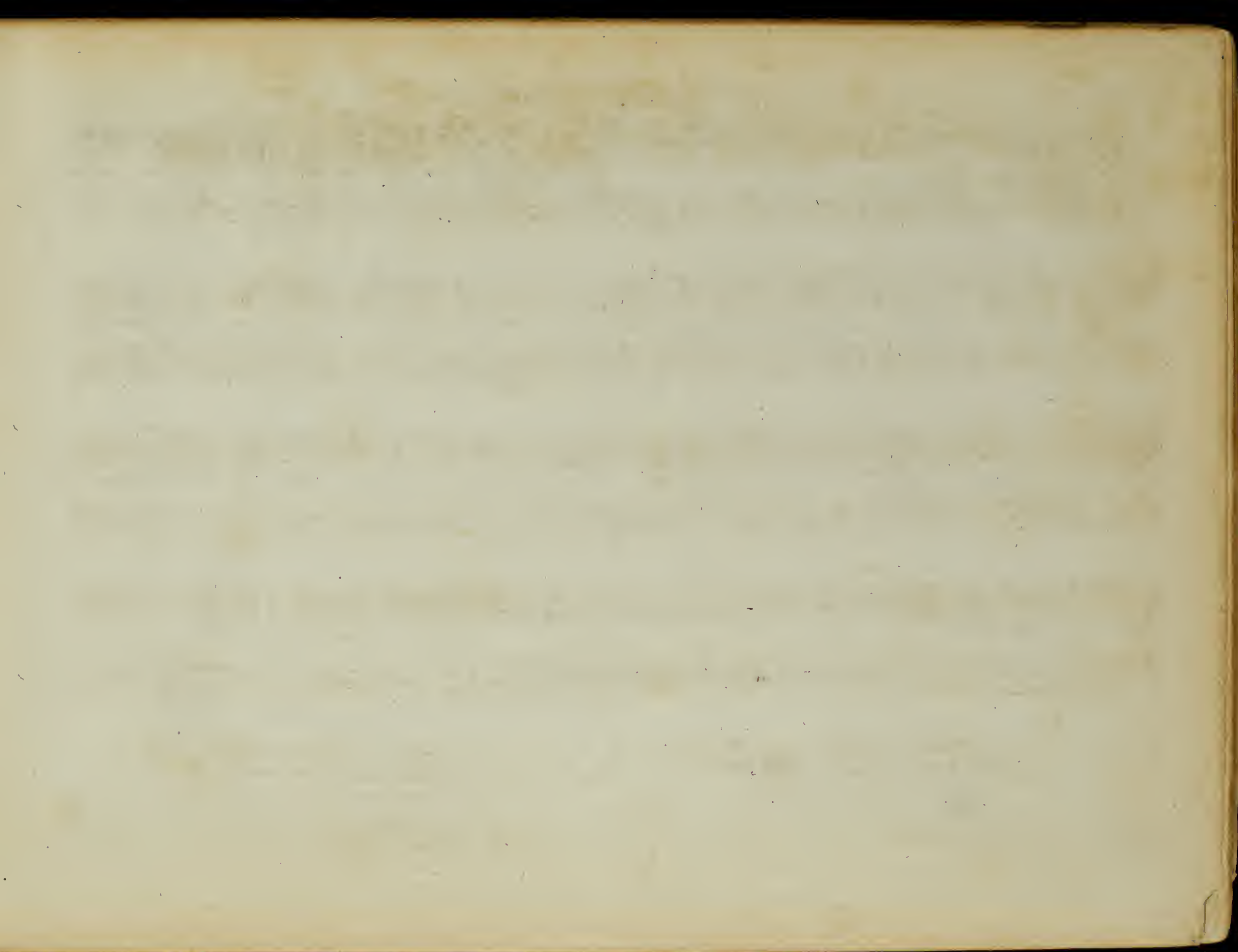
2

From morning sun I'd never grieve,  
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher;  
 If that, when I come home at eve,  
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c:

3

'Tho fortune ever shuts my door,  
 I know not what can bewitch her;  
 With all my heart, can I be poor,  
 With my sweet girl my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c:







Sung by Mrs Kennedy and Mrs Bannister.

*Affettuoso con Sordini* Oboe and Bassoons A

rose tree full in bear - ing had sweet flow - ers fair to see one rose be - yond com -

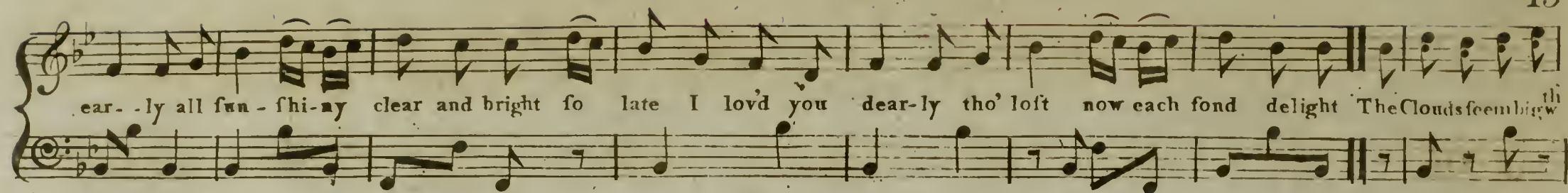
- pa - ring for beau - ty at - - tracted me 'tho eager once to win it lovely blooming

fresh and gay I find a can - ker in it and now throw it far a - way Sy.

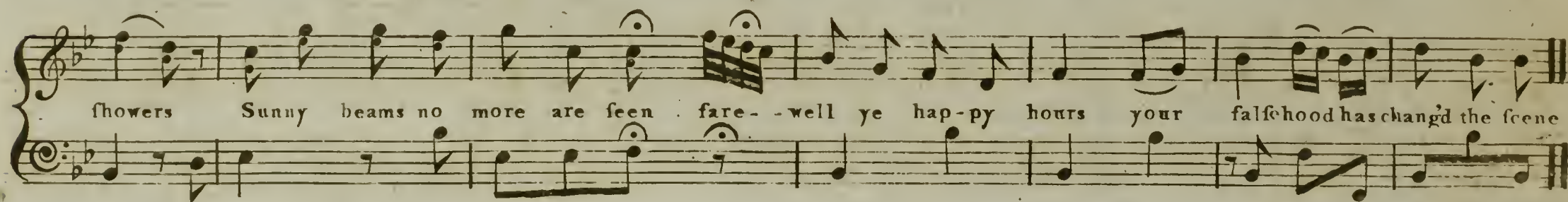
How fine this morning

*f* *p*

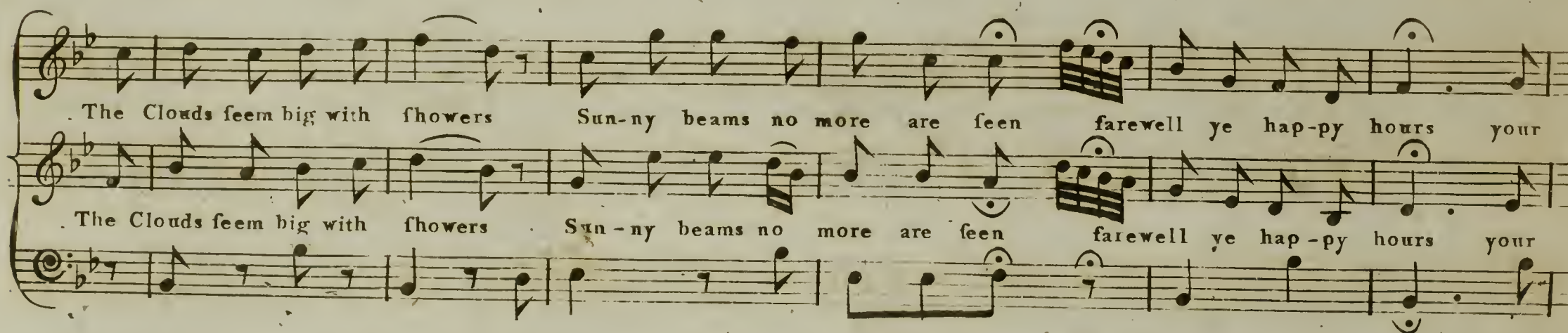




ear-ly all sun-shi-ny clear and bright so late I lov'd you dear-ly tho' lost now each fond delight The Clouds seem big<sup>th</sup>

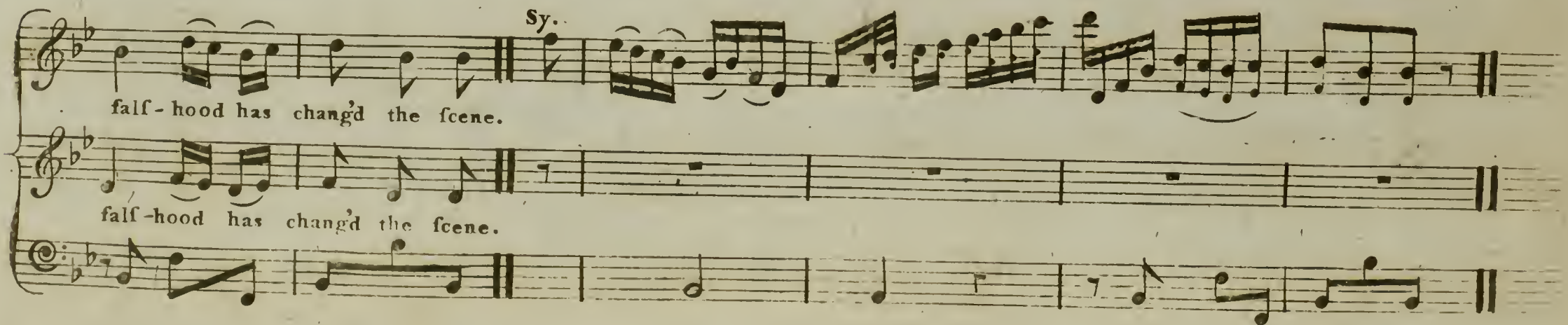


showers Sunny beams no more are seen fare-well ye hap-py hours your falsehood has chang'd the scene



The Clouds seem big with showers Sun-ny beams no more are seen farewell ye hap-py hours your

The Clouds seem big with showers Sun-ny beams no more are seen farewell ye hap-py hours your



falf-hood has chang'd the scene.

falf-hood has chang'd the scene.



Act. 2<sup>d</sup>

KATHLEAN.

*Allegro*

Oboe

Dermot's welcome as the May chearful handsome and good natur'd

Balloons & Horns

foolish Dar-by get a-way aukward clumsy and ill featur'd Dermot prattles pret-ty chat Darby gapes like 'a - ny o - ven

Dermot's neat from shoe to hat Darby's but a dir-ty floven. Lout looby fil-ly booby come no more to me a courting

Balloons

Sy.  
was my dearest Dermot here all is love and gay sporting.

Dermot's teeth are white as egg,  
Lip as sweet as sugar candy;  
Then he's such a handsome leg,  
Darby's knocked kneed and bandy:  
Dermot walks a comely pace,  
Darby like an ass goes stumping;  
Dermot dances with such grace,  
Darby's dance is only jumping.  
Lout looby, filly booby, &c:



Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Edwin.

DARBY 17

Allegretto

Tho

late I was plump round & Jolly I now am as thin as a rod Oh! love is the cause of my folly and

soon I lie under a sod sing ditherum doodle na-ge-ty na-ge-ty trage-dy rum and

goofetherum foodle fidge-ty fidge-ty ni-ge-ty rum. Sy.

2 3 4

Dear Kathleen then why did you flout me,  
A lad that's so cosy and warm;  
Oh! ev'ry thing's handsome about me,  
My cabin and snug little farm.  
Sing ditherum, &c:

What tho I have scrap'd up no money,  
No duns at my chamber attend;  
On sundays I ride on my poney,  
And still have a bit for a friend.  
Sing ditherum, &c:

The cock courts his hens all around me,  
The sparrow the pigeon and dove;  
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,  
When I look and I think of my love.  
Sing ditherum, &c:



*Bassoon*  
*Larghetto*

NORAH  
 Fare -

- - - well ye groves and crys - tal fountains the glad some plains and si - lent dell ye humble vales and

lof - ty mountains and wel - come now a lonely cell and ah! farewell fond youth most

dear thy ten - der plaint the vow fin - cere well meet and share the part - ing tear and

take a long and last farewell.

*Sy.* *hr*



Sung by Mr Bannister.

*Affettuoso* *Viola*

The spring with smiling face is seen to usher in the

*Small Fl.* *Clar.* *Small Fl.*

may and Natures clad in mantle green all sprig'd with Flowrets gay The feather'd songsters

*Horns*

*hr*

of the Grove then join in Harmony and Love the

*Sy*

songsters of the Grove then join in Harmony and Love

*Viola*

The Lark that soaring cleaves the Skies,  
 Low builds her humble Nest;  
 The rambling Boy that find the Prize,  
 Is sure supremely blest.  
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown  
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.  
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown  
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.



Sung by Mrs Kennedy.

PAT:

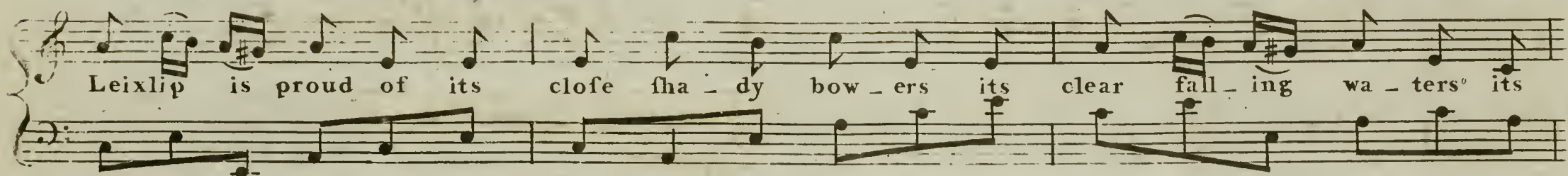
Moderato

Tho'

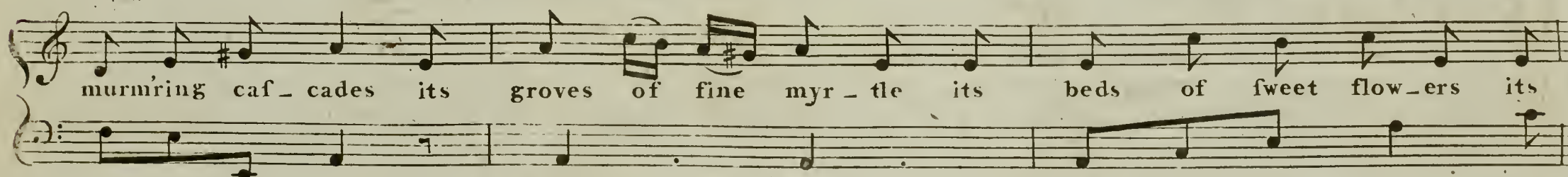
Piz:



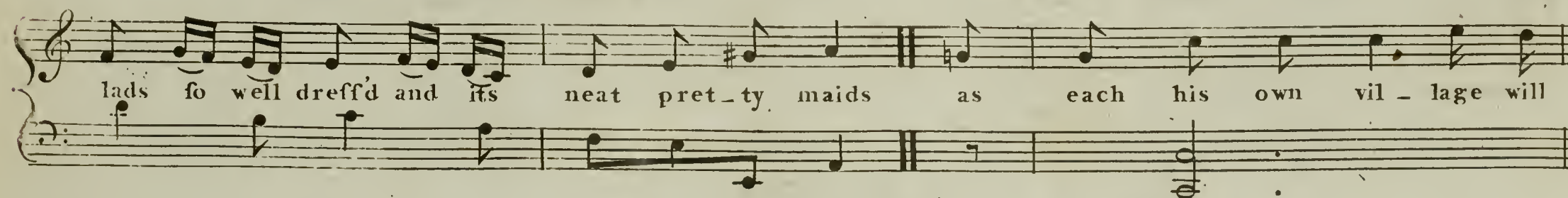
Leixlip is proud of its close sha - dy bow - ers its clear fall - ing wa - ters its



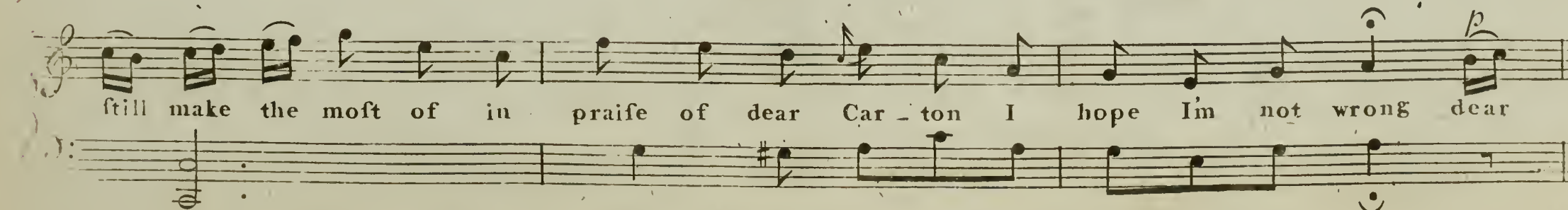
murm'ring cas - cades its groves of fine myr - tle its beds of sweet flow - ers its



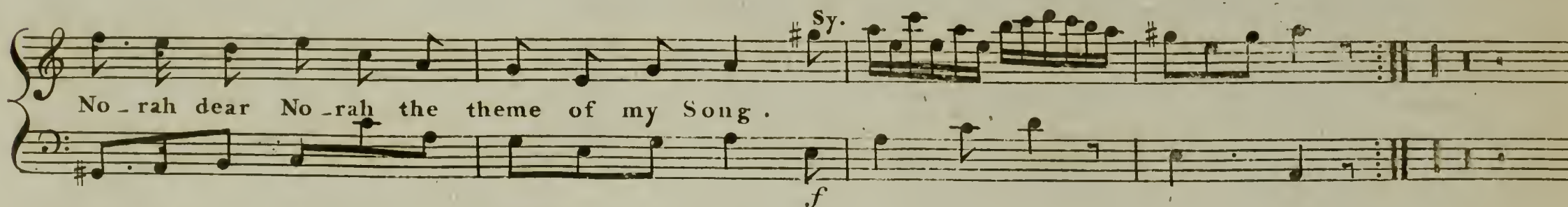
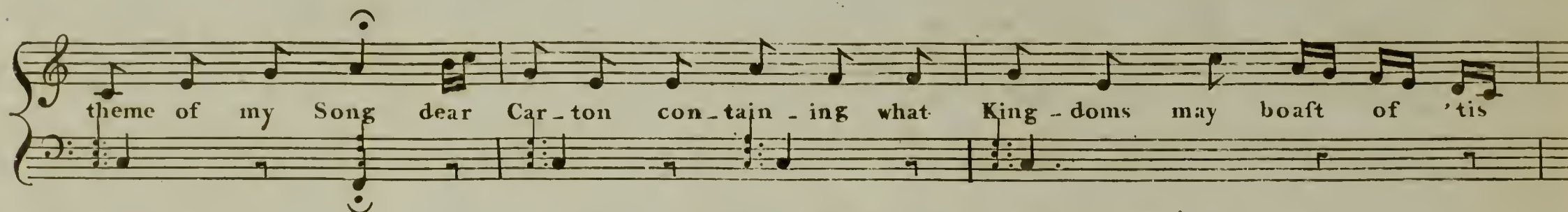
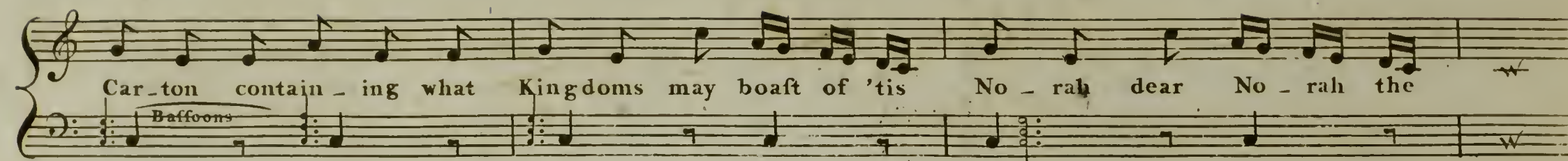
lads so well drest and its neat pret - ty maids as each his own vil - lage will



still make the most of in praise of dear Car - ton I hope I'm not wrong dear







## 2

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,  
 Their Horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare;  
 Or dance at a Ball, with their Sunday new suits on,  
 Ladd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair:  
 Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean, humble station,  
 For gold, or for acres he never shall long;  
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a Nation,  
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my Song.



Sung by Mr. Wilfon.

FATHER LUKE.

*Allegro*

You know I'm your Priest and your

*p*

Conscience is mine but if you grow wicked 'tis not a good sign to leave off your raking and

mar-ry a wife and then my dear Dar-by you're settled for Life Sing a Bal-ly-na-mo-na

O-ro Bal-li-na-mo-na O-ro Bal-li-na-mo-na O-ro a good mer-ry

wedding for me.

*Sy.*

*f*



## 2

The bans being Publish'd to Chapel we go  
 The Bride and the Bridegroom in coats white as snow  
 So modest her air and so sheepish your look  
 You out with your Ring and I pull out my Book  
 Sing &c

## 3

I thumb out the Place and I then read away  
 She blushes at love and she whispers obey  
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold  
 I shut up my Book and I Pocket your Gold  
 Sing Ballinamona Oro  
 That snug little Guinea for me

## 4

The Neighbours with Joy to the Bridegroom and Brile  
 The Pipers before you march side by side  
 A Plentiful Dinner gives mirth to each face  
 The Piper Plays up myself I say grace  
 Sing &c  
 A good wedding dinner for me

## 5

The Joke now goes round and the Stocking is thrown  
 The Curtains are drawn and your both left alone  
 'Tis then my good boy I believe your at home  
 And hey for a Christening at Nine Months to come  
 Sing Ballinamona Oro  
 A good merry Christening for me



*2<sup>nd</sup> Viol.*  
Affettuoso

DERMOT

Dear Sir this brown Jug that now foams w. mild ale out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale was once Toby Fillpot a

thirsty old soul as e'er crack'd a bottle or fathom'd a bowl in boozing a-bout 'twas his praise to excel and amongst Jolly

topers he bore off the bell - - - he bore off the bell.

2

It chanced as in dog days he sat at his ease,  
In his flow'r woven arbour, as gay as you please;  
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,  
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his clay,  
His breath' doors of life, on a sudden were shut,  
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

3

His body when long in the ground it had lain,  
And time into clay, had resolv'd it again;  
A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug.  
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,  
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

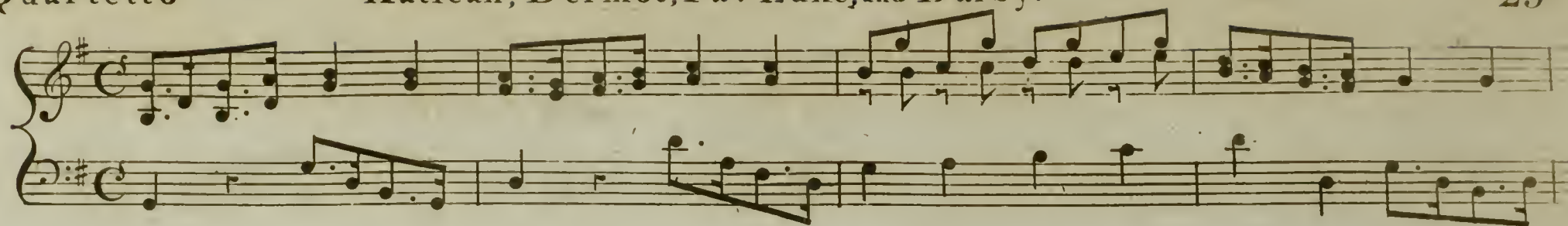


Quartetto

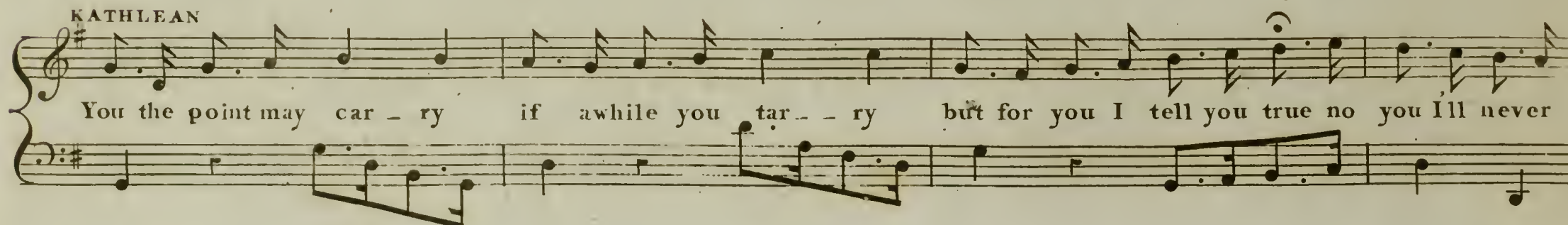
Katlean, Dermot, Fa<sup>r</sup> Luke, and Darby.

25

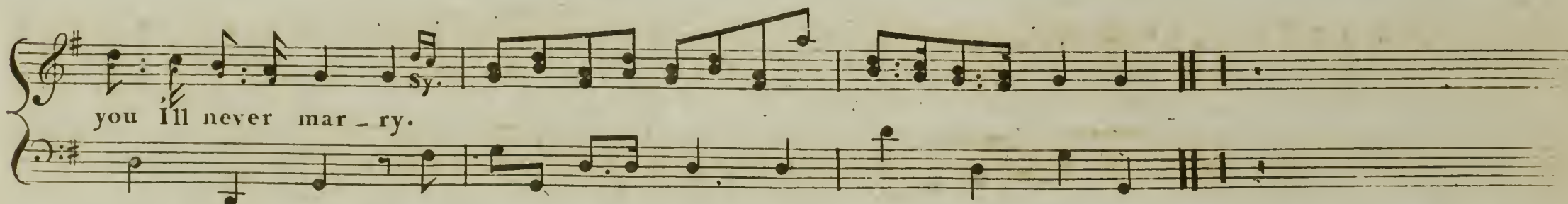
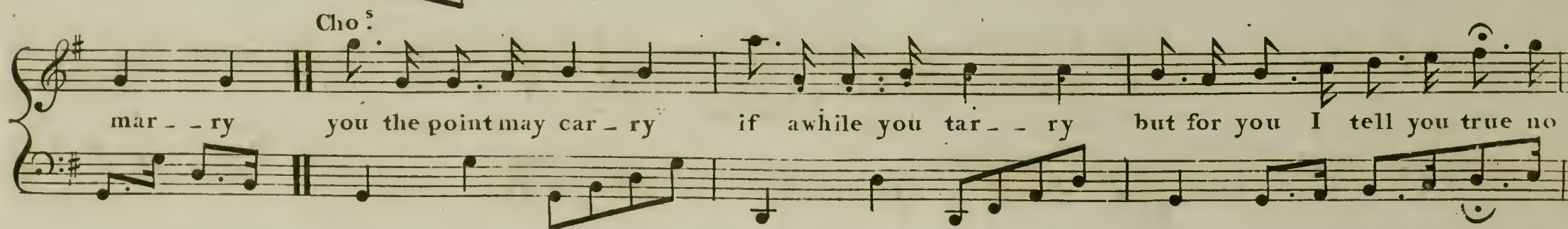
Presto



KATHLEAN



Cho<sup>s</sup>



Care our souls disowning,  
Punch our sorrows drowning,  
Laugh and love  
And ever prove  
Joys our wishes crowning.

Cho<sup>s</sup>. Care our &c:

To the Church I'll hand her,  
Then thro' the world I'll wander,  
I'll sob and sigh  
Until I die  
A poor forsaken gander.

Cho<sup>s</sup>. To the Church &c:

Each pious priest since Moses,  
One mighty truth discloses,  
You're never vexed  
If this his text  
Go fuddle all your noses.

Cho<sup>s</sup>. Each pious &c:



Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Edwin.

DARBY

Allegro

Since Kathleen has prov'd so un - true

ri tol - - - poor Darby ah what can you do tol - - - no longer I'll stay here a Clown tol - - - but

fell off and Gallop to town fol de - - - I'll dress and I'll strut with an air

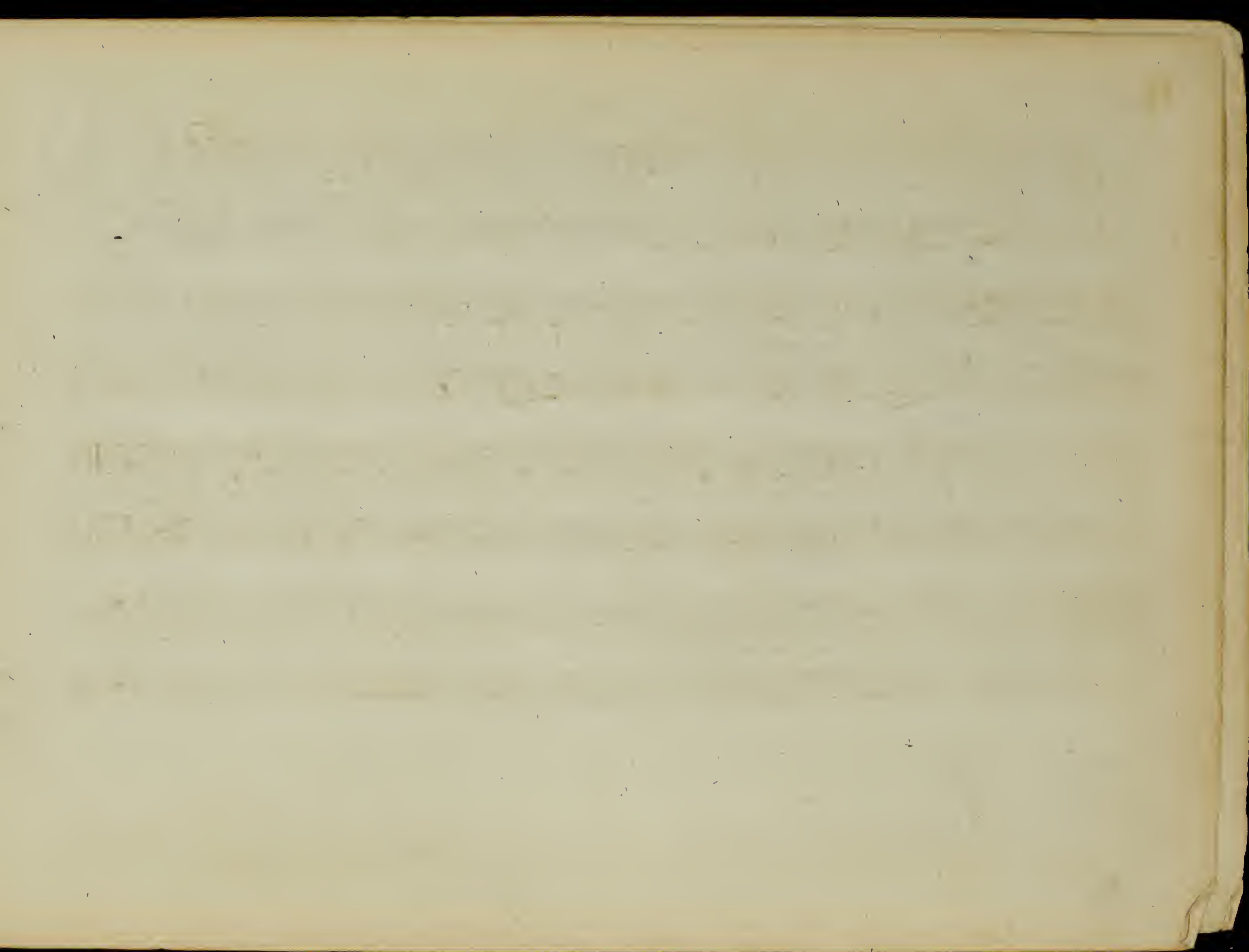
tol de - - - the Barber shall twiddle my hair tol - - - F.

2

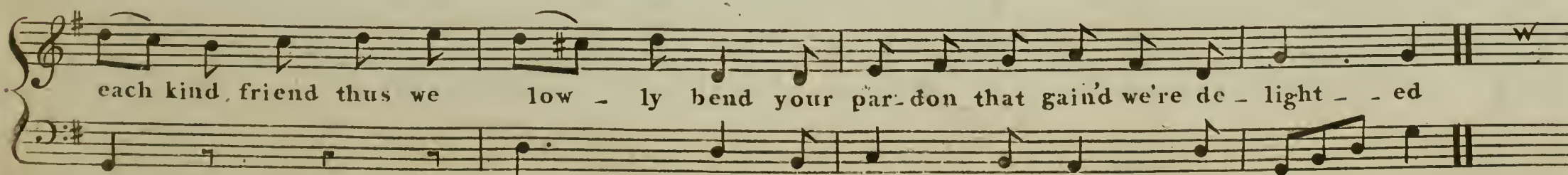
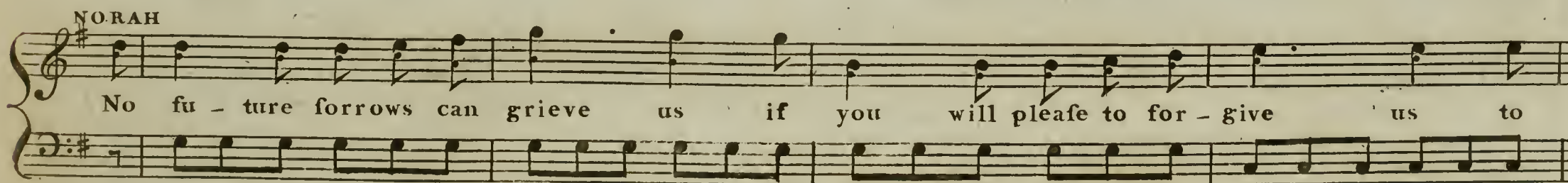
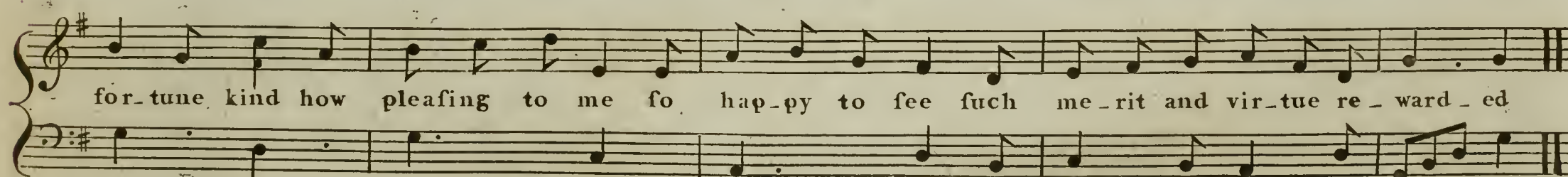
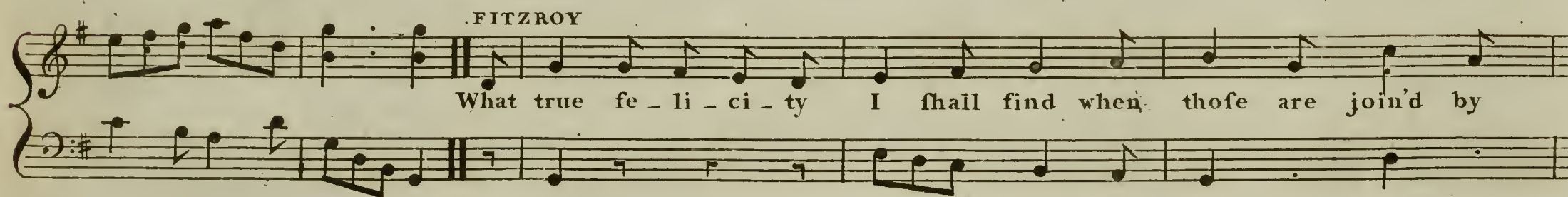
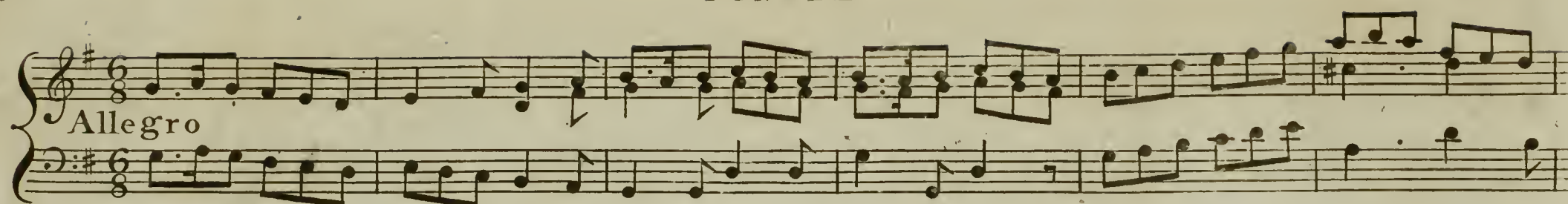
In town I shall cut a great dash;  
 But how far to compass the cash.  
 At gaming, perhaps I may win,  
 With cards I can take the flats in,  
 Or trundle false dice and they're nick'd;  
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

3

But first for to get a great name,  
 A duel establish my fame;  
 To my man then a challenge I'll write,  
 Put first I'll be sure he won't fight.  
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,  
 Then shoot with out powder, and the devil a ball.







CHO<sup>S</sup>

No fu - ture sorrows can grieve us if yet will please to for - give us to

each kind Friend thus we low - - ly bend your pardon that gaind we're de - light - ed.

PAT. With my commission, yet dearest life,  
My charming wife,  
When drum and fife  
Shall beat up to arms,  
The plunder your charms,  
In love your poor Soldier you'll find me.

KATH. This love, my wishes has granted,  
I got the dear lad that I wanted,  
Lest pleas'd with a Duke,  
When good Father Luke,  
To my own little Dermot has join'd me.  
Cho. This love, &c.

DAR. You impudent huffey (Dermot frowns)  
a pretty rate,  
Of love you prate:  
But hark ye Kate,  
Your little dear Lad,  
Will find that his pad  
Has got a nice — kick in her gallop.  
F. LUKE. Now Darby upon my Salvation,  
You merit excommunication.

In love but agree,  
And shortly you'll see  
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.  
Cho. Now Darby, &c.

DER. The devil a bit o' me cares a bean,  
For neat and clean  
We'll both be seen,  
Myself and my lass,  
Next Sunday at mass;  
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

PAT. The laurel I've won in the field, Sir,  
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir,  
Nor think it a shame,  
Your mercy to claim,  
Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sir.

CHORUS of MEN.

The laurel and bays,  
Revive by your praise,  
Our Poet solicits your pardon.

CHORUS of WOMEN.

Then be not severe,  
With smiles you can cheer,  
The posies of your Covent Garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel and bays,  
Revive by your Praise,  
Our Poet solicits your pardon.  
Then be not severe,  
With smiles you can cheer,  
The posies of your Covent Garden.

FINE.

The Music on

Page 30



## CHORUS of MEN.

CHORUS of  
WOMEN.

The Lau-rel and Bayes revive by your praise our Po-et So-li-cits your par-don then

M.F.

GENERAL  
CHORUS.

be not fe-vere with smiles you can cheer the po-fies of your Covent Gar-den The

Laurel and Bayes re-vive by your praise our Po-et So-li-cits your par-don then

be not fe-vere with smiles you can cheer the po-fies of your Covent Gar-den

FINE.